

# THE SAVING MAN;

## Who Wants to Convert Every One to Parsimoniousness.....

That friend of yours who, after years of unimaginable grubbing and scrimping has saved up a couple of thousand dollars— isn't he the nuisance though?

Oh, you know him all right. Know him, because, not content with saving himself, he wants you to save. He pleads and expostulates with you to save. He demands you to save. He bullies and bulldozes you to save. You don't envy him his hard-won couple of thousand at all. You're glad he has got it. You don't, however, feel that a couple of thousand saved up with such a bitter effort would do you, yourself, any good. You don't want savings wrenched out of the ordinary comforts of life in that way. And if you had the couple of thousand a still, small voice tells you that you'd be pretty liable to blow it within a month or so anyhow.

Therefore you are content that he shall go on having his saved up two thousand and some odd bones, if he'll only keep still about it, if he'll only take away that noise he makes about why you ought to get on your saving clothes.

But he won't. Nor, sir, he will not. He refuses to. He's going to keep right at you about saving. He's going to force you to see the advantages, the benignities, of saving. He's going to put it square before you.

He's going to make you save. He has a thousand ways of tackling you. He's with you, for example, when you buy a couple of cigars for two bits.

"Rotten extravagance," he says to you as he sinks his teeth into one of the two for a quarter smokes. "Perfectly rotten. Where d'ye expect you'll pull up if you keep right on hurrying your dust away like that? I know, but I won't say. I'd hate to say. Doggone it all, I will say it—you'll pull up on the poor farm, that's where you'll pull up. Idea of chucking in twenty-five cents for two puffing smokes. You must be crazy! Look at me. I smoke stogies. Get a hundred of 'em for a hundred cents. And they're every blamed bit as good as these two for a quarter things. Fellow gets used to 'em. I'd rather smoke stogies now, in fact, than these fool things. Think what you could do worth while with that two bits. Why, it's the interest for a year on a five dollar note at five per cent. You're bughouse, that's all. You'll never have anything. You'll die a bum. You hear me a-talkin'."

You tell him mildly that it's all right—that if you're destined to die a bum, as he says, why, you'll be able to cast back and reflect upon the fun you've had. But he snorts at that. He snorts, in fact, at virtually every reason you give as to why you desire to blow in your own coin after your own ideas of coin blowing. He's one of the busiest little snorters we have, as a simple matter of fact.

Or maybe he'll get at you with reference to the clothes you wear.

"How much did that fool Willie off the pickle boat suit of clothes that you're sporting set you back?" he asks you.

You mutter something about sixty-five bucks.

"Sixty-five iron men for that mess of togs that makes you look like somebody trying to make a hit with himself, hey?" chaps that friend of yours who has tucked away some savings. "Well, I'd like to have a peek at the inside of your head under the violet rays, that's all I've got to say. Sixty-five bones for that suit, eh? Well, it is to laugh. It's to laugh to think that there's a man on earth so pinheaded. Say, you see this suit that I'm wearing now, don't you?"

You do. You don't tell him what you think it looks like because you don't want to hurt his feelings.

"Well," he goes on, "d'ye know how many summers I've got out of this suit? This is the fourth summer! Got it in the summer of 1905, and I've been banging around in it every summer since. And what d'ye think I paid for it? Hey? I paid \$11.99 for this suit of clothes, and I'll get still one more summer out of it. And if it doesn't look every bit as good as that sixty-five buck suit you've got on I'll eat my Illinois lid, that's what I'll do."

That's the way the saving friend keeps right on barking at you.

He hears somewhere or other that last night you dropped eighteen simoleans playing poker. He holds you up the minute he meets up with you.

"So you're tossing your kale at the snowbirds again, hey?" he says at you. "Thought you were going to flag that poker stuff, hey? Didn't you tell me you were going to stick all of the poker money henceforth into that building and loan association I was telling you about?"

You tell him yes, you had intended to get into that building and loan association, but that you met up with a bunch of fellows that had a little poker fiesta on hand and that you only sloughed off a few dollars, anyhow, and that you had a lot of fun at

it and therefore you're not kicking, and so on. But that doesn't take him off of you.

Sometimes he takes another tack. "Say, how old are you getting to be nowadays, young fellow?" he inquires of you.

You tell him.

"Uh, huh," says he. "Well, you're not exactly the kidlet that you used to be, are you? Not the infant prodigy that you were ten or fifteen years ago, huh? I can see the gray boys beginning to peek out of your hair at the sides and there's a crowfoot or two beginning to show up at the corners of your eyes. And I understand that you're living right up to every cent you make. That's showing a fine set of brains for you, isn't it? Are you aware of the fact that in these days of competition a man has got to get together at least the foundation of his little pile before he's forty-five or so or stand a hundred to one chance of never getting anything at all after he's reached that age? Hey? Don't you know very well that a man gradually becomes less productive, sort of loses out, after he reaches the age of forty? That the demand nowadays in all lines of endeavor is for the younger fellows? Well, then!"

You tell him that you're not feeling decrepit at the age of thirty-seven; that you expect to be swinging right along at the old game for quite a spell yet, and so on. But nix. He won't have it.

"I say," he declares oracularly, "that if you're ever going to have a place to lay your head by the time you're forty-five, you've got to begin right now to tuck a hunk of your earnings away. You ought, as a matter of fact, to've begun long ago. And you can't save by indulging yourself in every blamed caprice and whim that you happen to think of. You have got to make sacrifices if you expect to save. You've got to grind. You've got to put your nose down to it. You've got to be able to say No, no! You've got to be able to stand by and see the other pinheads blowing in their money without experiencing any temptation to go and do likewise yourself. You're listening to me, aren't you?"

Of course you are. You wouldn't dare not to listen to him. But you tell him that, really, you don't feel as if you'd be any happier if you did manage to accumulate a few thousands of dollars. You try to pass it off by being a bit humorous.

"What 'ud be the good," you inquire of him, "of my scrimping and saving to get hold of a few thousand dollars, and then to have a milk wagon zephyr along and hit me on the wishbone and send me over to Oak Hill, and all like that—what 'ud be the good of my saving if that kind of thing were to come off?"

This makes him positively furious. He says that that observation proves that you are an utter fathead. He has all the insurance figures on a man's chances to live doped out and at his finger's ends, and he tells you that at your age, thirty-seven, why, you've got such and such a number of chances out of such and such a number to go right on living until you bury the last member of this year's baby crop. He jumps upon you for trying to fetch in that milk wagon and tells you that the grave defect of your character is frivolousness. The very fact that you'd begin to talk about milk wagons and wishbones and Oak Hills and things when he was trying to lead you to your duty—your duty to your family as well as to yourself—why, that very fact shows that the grave defect of your character is frivolousness. It sure is. He's sorry to see it, too. He's noticed it for years, but he never wanted to say anything about it to you.

Sad nuisance, this saving friend of yours. Sad, really. Because you can't come right out and tell him to take that noise away. He's always a good, solid, well-meaning sort of a chap, you see, and you know very well that he sincerely has your interest at heart. If you tell him to forget that stuff and talk baseball, he'll be offended. There's really nothing that you can tell him that'll stick, anyhow. The only thing you can do is to keep right on apologizing to him, year after year, dozens of times each year, for spending your own hard earned money the way you feel like spending it.

It sure is awful, M'lord, how many otherwise good people there are in this world who suffer from atrophy of the imagination and things.—Washington Star.

### The Aims of Athleticism.

Physical training is by no means the main end of athleticism. It is possible (and eminent men have supported this view in more emphatic terms) that the finest moral, social and commercial training in the world is to be gained on the cricket arena and the football field.—Men's Wear.

IN 1940.  
"They were looking up at the latest skyscraper. 'But what are those things sticking out from the sides?' asked the un-state friend.  
"Those? Oh, those are mille posts," answered the New Yorker.—Judge.

Hicks' Capudine Cures Headache, Whether from Cold, Heat, Stomach, or Mental Strain. No Acetaminol or dangerous drugs. It's Liquid. Effects immediately. 10c., 25c., and 50c., at drug stores

A man cannot add to his stature by treading on other people's toes.

H. H. GREEN'S SONS, of Atlanta, Ga., are the only successful Dropsy Specialists in the world. See their liberal offer in advertisement in another column of this paper.

The man who talks hot air should wear a stove-pipe hat.

### DEATH TO RING WORM.

"Everywhere I go I speak for TETTERINE, because it cured me of ringworm in its worst form. My whole chest from neck to waist was raw as beef; but TETTERINE cured me. It also cured a bad case of piles." So says Mrs. M. F. Jones of 28 Tannehill St., Pittsburg, Pa. TETTERINE, the great skin remedy, is sold by druggists or sent by mail for 50c. Write J. T. SHURTLE, Dept. A, Savannah, Ga.

Germany wants the next Olympic games. How is the Fatherland in the matter of taking a beating with good temper? asks the New York Evening Sun.

### Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

### American Hotel in Japan.

In the Hochi Shimbun we find a paragraph suggesting that the question of hotel accommodation, in view of the great exhibition, is again attracting attention. There is talk of a Japanese syndicate obtaining a grant of 10,000 tsubo of land in the vicinity of the Maple Club from the Tokio municipality and there is also talk of a foreign syndicate erecting a hotel at Mukojima in conjunction with an American hotel company at a cost of \$6,000,000 yen.

But as yet these and other projects do not seem likely to be carried out. The fact is that a hotel is not like a tent, which can be set up and taken down at will. The exhibition of 1913 is an exceptional event. It will certainly attract an unusual number of visitors, but when these have taken their departure things will return to their normal condition and there will be little more need of hotel accommodations than there is today. That consideration probably deters capitalists from permanently sinking a large sum to meet an ephemeral demand.—Japan Weekly Mail.

### Aiming to Please.

"See, here," growled the patron in the cheap restaurant, "this coffee's cold."

"Dat so?" retorted the polite and intelligent attendant. "Well, dis is a quick lunch joint, so if de coffee was hot yer couldn't drink it in a hurry."—Catholic Standard and Times.

### PUZZLE SOLVED

Coffee at Bottom of Trouble.

It takes some people a long time to find out that coffee is hurting them.

But when once the fact is clear, most people try to keep away from the thing which is followed by ever increasing detriment to the heart, stomach and nerves.

"Until two years ago I was a heavy coffee drinker," writes an M. L. stockman, "and had been all my life. I am now 56 years old."

"About three years ago I began to have nervous spells and could not sleep nights, was bothered by indigestion, bloating and gas on stomach affected my heart."

"I spent lots of money doctoring—one doctor told me I had chronic catarrh of the stomach; another that I had heart disease and was liable to die at any time. They all died me until I was nearly starved, but I seemed to get worse instead of better."

"Having heard of the good Postum had done for nervous people I discarded coffee altogether and began to use Postum regularly. I soon got better and now, after nearly two years, I can truthfully say I am sound and well."

"I sleep well at night, do not have the nervous spells and am not bothered with indigestion or palpitation. I weigh 32 pounds more than when I began Postum, and am better every way than I ever was while drinking coffee. I can't say too much in praise of Postum, as I am sure it saved my life." "There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.



### Roads Doomed by Autos.

Logan Waller Page, director of the Office of Public Roads of the Department of Agriculture, commissioned by President Roosevelt, is on his way to France to tell the highway engineers of the world what, in his opinion, the automobile is doing to macadam thoroughfares and what should be done to counteract its destructive effects.

President Roosevelt summoned Director Page to the White House and conferred with him about this highway problem. He learned that an almost incalculable amount of damage was being done daily, and then he informed the director that it was his wish that the United States be strongly represented at the coming international road congress in Paris, and asked for the names of two other experts. Mr. Page named Colonel Charles S. Bromwell, superintendent of buildings and grounds of the District, and Clifford Richardson, an authority on bituminous road material. They were appointed, and Mr. Page was made chairman of the delegation.

Although this congress will not assemble at Paris until October 11, Director Page decided to sail somewhat early to inspect some of the roads of England, Germany and France before the congress is called to order. He wished to see if the speeding automobiles worked the same damage there as they do here and study the remedial work that is being done. Here he has learned that by the tractive force of the rubber tires of the speeding motor cars the surface binding dust of rock roads is drawn from its resting place and is sent swirling to the adjacent fields.

Inasmuch as the integrity of the macadam road rests absolutely in this rock dust, which acts as a binding and surfacing crust, a dissipating of the surface leaves the road nothing but a mass of loose, round stones. The tests on the Conduit road, near Washington, D. C., prove this contention absolutely, and he carries with him a collection of photographs taken during the progress of these tests. These pictures will be submitted to the congress.

The greater question that will arise will be how to overcome the effect of automobile traffic on hard roads without restricting the automobile or preventing its development.

Two solutions there are to that question: One, to find a material of which roads may be made which creates no dust, or, secondly, to so treat the roads already constructed that the dust will be retained upon them. That, of course, is now being done in many parts of the country by spraying with calcium chloride and by the use of various bituminous preparations.

Director Page and his associates will have much interesting information to contribute along those lines, for within the past few months many miles of America's roads have been treated with these various preparations, many of the tests under the direction of some expert from the Federal Office of Public Roads.—Washington Star.

### The Split Log Road Drag.

There are thousands of highways in the rural districts, which while only being excuses for roads, may be put into shape by the use of the road drag, and it is important to know that farmers' bulletin, just issued by the Department of Agriculture, gives a description of the split log road drag for use on earth roads. The split log road drag is by no means a new institution, but this fifteen-page pamphlet tells why it is sometimes a failure. For one thing, it is often made too heavy; it should be light enough for one man to lift easily. A dry cedar, elm or walnut log is the best material for a drag—far better than oak or hickory. Another mistake is in the use of squared timbers instead of those with sharp edges, whereby the cutting effect of sharp edges is lost and the drag glides over instead of equalizing the irregularities in the surface of the road.

By the ordinary process of ditch cleaning, scraping, etc., it is estimated that road improvement costs from \$20 to \$50 per mile, while by the use of the split log drag and plank ditch cleaner, ranges from \$1.50 to \$5 per mile, and a far better road is the result.

The advantages to be gained from the use of a road drag are emphasized in the bulletin thus: First, the maintenance of a smooth, serviceable earth road, free from ruts and mudholes. Second, obtaining such road surface with the expenditure of little money and labor in comparison with the money and labor required for other methods. Third, the reduction of mud in wet weather and of dust in dry weather. This publication (Farmers' Bulletin 321) can be had free upon application to the Secretary of Agriculture or to your member of Congress.—Indiana Farmer.

It is cheaper to fence hogs in than to fence them out.

Fair All Round.  
The Man (new arrival at summer hotel)—I suppose there's no prospect of kissing at this resort?  
The Maid (demurely)—No; my local option.—Puck.

CONSTIPATION AND BILIOUSNESS  
Constipation sends poisonous matter bounding through the body. Dull headache, Sour Stomach, Feted Breath, Bileless Loss of Energy and Appetite are the signs of the affliction. You can't live positively care constipation. They attack the sluggish liver to better action, cleanse the bowels, strengthen the weakened induce appetite and aid digestion. 25 cents from your dealer or direct from the laboratory. Free sample by mail to address. J. A. Young, J. M. Waycross, Ga.

Yate Wood of Australia has tensile strength of good cast iron.

Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children's teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Street car magnets to public.  
"Walk, you suckers, walk," quote the New York American.

### To Drive Out Malaria and Build Up the System

Take the Old Standard Groves' Tonic, LAX CHILL TONIC. You know what you are taking. The formula is plainly printed on every bottle, showing it is simply Quinine and Iron in a tasteless form, and is most effective form. For grown people and children. 50c

The fishhook cactus is the companion of the desert, for it always points to the south.

### FIFTEEN YEARS OF SUFFERING.

Burning, Painful Sores on Legs—Treated Day and Night—Tried Many Remedies to No Avail—Used Cuticura; Is Well Again.

"After an attack of rheumatism, running sores broke out on my husband's legs, from below the knees to the ankles. There are no words to tell all the discomfort and great suffering he had to endure night and day. He used every kind of remedy and three physicians treated him, one after the other, without any good results whatever. One day I ordered some Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment, and Cuticura Remedy. He began to use them and in three weeks all the sores were dried up. The burning fire stopped, and the pains became bearable. After three months he was quite well. I can prove this testimonial at any time. Mrs. V. V. Albert, Upper Fremontville, Me., July 21, 1907."

### VAUDEVILLE.

"Yes; I saw that alleged drama."  
"Any plot?"  
"Not enough to wedge the specialties apart."—Houston Chronicle.

# I AM A MOTHER



How many American women in lonely homes to-day long for this blessing to come into their lives, and to be able to utter these words, but because of some organic derangement this happiness is denied them.

Every woman interested in this subject should know that preparation for healthy maternity is accomplished by the use of

## LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Mrs. Maggie Gilmer, of West Union, S. C., writes to Mrs. Pinkham: "I was greatly run-down in health from a weakness peculiar to my sex, when Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended to me. It not only restored me to perfect health, but to my delight I am a mother."

Mrs. Josephine Hall, of Bardonia, Ky., writes:

"I was a very great sufferer from female troubles, and my physician failed to help me. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound not only restored me to perfect health, but I am now a proud mother."

### FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that burning-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

### AND HAVE THE LAST WORD, TOO.

He: "When we are married we must both think alike."

She: "Yes, but I'll think first."—Town Topics.